

THE  
SECOND EPISTLE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
HORACE,<sup>3</sup>  
IMITATED by Mr. POPE.

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*Ludentis speciem dabit & torquebitur—*

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DUBLIN:

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SE C

SECO

D<sup>Ea</sup>

You love

<sup>2</sup>A Fr

his

Bows and

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*Flore, bon*  
*Si quis fa*



THE  
SECOND EPISTLE  
OF THE  
SECOND BOOK of HORACE.

**D**ear Col'nel! *Cobham's* and your Coun-  
try's Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

<sup>2</sup>A Frenchman comes, presents you with  
his Boy,

Bows and begins. — "This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

A 2

"Ob-

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<sup>1</sup> *Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,*  
<sup>2</sup> *Si quis forté, &c.*

“ Observe his Shape how clean ! his Locks, The Fau  
how curl'd ! (Cou'd y

“ My only Son, I'd have him see the World: 3 If, after

“ His French is pure ; his Voice too — you Cou'd you  
shall hear—— so bac

“ Sir, he's your Slave, for twenty pound a Faith, in f  
year. I think Sir

“ Mere Wax as yet, you fashion him with ease, Who sent t

“ Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what And punish  
you please. 4 Confid

“ A perfect Genius at an Opera-Song—— I told you

“ To say too much, might do my Honour You said  
wrong : With La

“ Take him with all his Virtues, on my word after

“ His whole Ambition was to serve a Lord, Nay wor

“ But Sir, to you, with what wou'd I not part? D'y'e thin

“ Tho' faith, I fear 'twill break his Mother's 5 In An  
heart. Had dea

“ Once, (and but once) I caught him in a Lye,

“ And then, unwhipp'd he had the grace to  
cry :

3 Ille fer  
4 Dixi m  
5 Luculli

“ The



Locks The Fault he has I fairly shall reveal,

(Cou'd you o'erlook but that)--it is, to steal.

world: 3 If, after this, you took the graceless Lad,

you Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd  
so bad ?

and a Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,

I think Sir Godfry should decide the Suit ;

in ease, Who sent the Thief who stole the Cash, away,

what And punish'd him that put it in his way.

4 Consider then, and judge me in this light;

I told you when I went, I could not write ;

honour You said the same ; and are you discontent

word With Laws, to which you gave your own  
assent ?

Lord, Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time !

part? D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

ther's 5 In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old,

Had dearly earn'd a little purse of Gold :

Lye, Tir'd

ce to

3 *Ille ferat pretium, &c.*

4 *Dixi me pigrum, &c.*

5 *Luculli miles, &c.*

Tir'd with a tedious March, one luckless  
night,

He slept, poor Dog! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the Man in such a desp'rate Mind,  
Between Revenge, and Grief, and Hunger  
join'd,

Against the Foe, himself, and all Mandkind,

He leapt the Trenches, scal'd a Castle-Wall

Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all

"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd

Gave him much Praise, and some Rewards

beside.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a Town to batter

(Its Name I know not, and it's no great matter

"Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder Wall

"Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls

"More Honours, more Rewards, attend thee

Brave "——

Don't you remember what Reply he gave?

"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral such a Sot?

"Let him take Castles who has ne'er a Groat

Bred up at home, full early I begun  
 To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus' Son;  
 Besides, my Father taught me from a Lad,  
 The better Art to know the good from bad :  
 (And little fure imported to remove,  
 To hunt for Truth in *Maudlin's* learned Grove)  
 But knottier Points we knew not half so well,  
 Depriv'd us soon of our Paternal Cell ;  
 And certain Laws, by Suff'ers thought unjust  
 Deny'd all Post of Profit or of Trust :  
 Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail'd,  
 While mighty WILLIAM's thundring Arm  
 prevail'd.  
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,  
 He stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind ;  
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;  
 Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet,  
 But (thanks to *Homer*) since I live and thrive,  
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,

Sure

Sure I should want the Care of ten \* *Monro*  
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

7 Years foll'wing Years, steal something  
ev'ry day,

At least they steal us from our selves away;  
In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,  
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:  
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time  
What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime  
If ev'ry Wheel of that unweary'd Mill  
That turn'd ten thousand Verses, now stand  
still.

8 But after all, what wou'd you have me do  
When out of twenty I can please not two;  
When this Heroicks only deigns to praise.  
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?  
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the Le  
The Vulgar boil, the Learned roast an Egg  
Hard

\* *Dr. MONROE, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.*

7 *Singula de nobis anni, &c.*

8 *Denique non omnes, &c.*

Hard Ta

When O

9 But g

Again to

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Hard Task ! to hit the Palate of such Guests,  
When Oldfield loves, what Dar--n-f detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of Grace  
Again to rhyme, can *London* be the Place ?

Who there his Muse, or Self, or Soul attends ?  
In Crouds and Courts, Law, Business, Feasts  
and Friends ?

My Counsel sends to execute a Deed :

A Poet begs me, I will hear him read :

In Palace-Yard at Nine you'll find me there--

At Ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-Square--  
Before the Lords at Twelve my Cause comes on

There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one. —

"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,

"And raise his Mind above the Mob he meets."

Not quite so well however as one ought ;

A Hackney-Coach may chance to spoil a  
Thought,

And then a nodding Beam, or Pig of Lead,  
God knows, may hurt the very ablest Head.

B

Have

Have you not seen at Guild-hall's narrow Pass  
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?  
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,  
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Carr?  
<sup>10</sup> Go, lofty Poet! and in such a Croud,  
 Sing thy sonorous Verse — but not aloud.  
 Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,  
 To Ease and Silence, ev'ry Muse's Son:  
*Blackmore* himself, for any grand Effort,  
 Would drink and doze at \* *Tooting* or *Earl's-*  
*Court*.

How shall I rhyme in this eternal Roar?  
 How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd  
 before?

The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm Retreat  
 To Books and Study gives seven years com-  
 pleat,

See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap  
 on,

He walks, an object new beneath the Sun!  
 The

---

<sup>10</sup> *I nunc, & versus, &c.*

\* *Two Villages within 3 or 4 Miles of London.*

The Boys flock round him, and the People  
stare:

So stiff, so mute! some Statue, you would  
fwear,

Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air.

And here, while Town, and Court, and City  
roars,

With Mobs, and Duns, and foldiers, at their  
doors;

Shall I, in *London*, act this idle part?

Composing Songs, for Fools to get by heart

"The *Temple* late two Brother Sergeants  
saw,

Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;

With equal Talents, these congenial Souls

One lull'd th' *Exchequer*, and one stunn'd  
the *Rolls*;

Each had a Gravity wou'd make you split,

And shook his head at *M---*, as a Wit.

"I was

"Twas, "Sir your Law" — and "Sir, your Eloquence" —

"Yours *Cooper's* Manner -- and yours *Talbot's* Sense."

<sup>12</sup> Thus we dispose of all poetick Merit,  
Yours *Milton's* Genius and mine *Homer's* sp'rit  
Call *Tibbald Shakespear*, and he'll swear  
the Nine

Dear *Cibber*! never match'd one Ode of thine  
Lord! how we strut thro' *Merlin's* Cave, to see  
No Poets there, but *Stephen*, you, and me.  
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease  
Weave Laurel Crowns, and take what Name  
we please.

"My dear *Tibullus*!" if that will not do,

"Let me be *Horace*, and be *Ovid* you.

"Or, I'm content, allow me *Dryden's* strains

"And you shall rise up *Otway* for your pains

<sup>13</sup> Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming

Race;

And

<sup>12</sup> *Carmina compono, hic elegos, &c.*

<sup>13</sup> *Multa fero ut placeam, &c.*



r, you And much must flatter if the Whim should  
bite

r albot's To seek applause by printing what I write :

But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

Merit, 14 In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind re-  
ject,

l swear They treat themselves with most profound  
respect ;

f thine Tis to small purpose that you hold your  
e, to see tongue,

l me. Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.

t ease But how severely with themselves proceed

Name The Men, who write such Verse as we can  
read ?

do, Their own strict Judges not a word they  
n. spare

strains That wants, or Force, or Light, or Weight,  
r pains or Care,

peace How'er

himing

And

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,  
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find  
 grace :

Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in  
 stead,

In downright Charity revive the dead ;  
 Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears  
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred  
 years ;

Command old words that long have slept,  
 wake,

Such as wise *Bacon*, or brave *Raleigh* spoke  
 Or bid the new be *English*, Ages hence,  
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense  
 Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,  
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,  
 Rich with the Treasures of each foreign  
 Tongue ;

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,  
 But show no mercy to an empty line ;  
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease  
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please

But Eas

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Call, if yo

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15 Pra

" B

But Ease in writing flows from Art, not

“ Chance,

As those move easiest who have learn'd to

“ dance.

15 If such the Plague and pains to write by  
rule,

Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ;

Call, if you will, bad Rhiming a disease,

It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There liv'd, *in primo Georgii* (they record)

A worthy Member, no small Fool, a Lord ;

Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,

Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full Debate :

In all but this, a man of sober Life,

Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,

Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a Pasty fell,

And much too wise to walk into a Well :

Him;

---

15 *Prætulerim scriptor delirus, &c.*

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends in  
mur'd,

They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd;  
short, they cur'd:

Whereat the Gentleman began to stare—  
My Friends? he cry'd, p---x take you  
your care!

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple *Vote*

<sup>17</sup> Well, on the whole, then Prose must  
my fate:

Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late

There is a time when Poets will grow dull

I'll e'en leave Verses to the Boys at school

To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind

Teach ev'ry Thought within its bounds to run

And keep the equal Measure of the Soul

18 So

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<sup>17</sup> *Nimirum sapere est, &c.*

18 So

My Mind

Thought

forg

Meet and

There a

ask the

19 If, v

yo

You tell

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Confess a

The He

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20 Wh

Evi

You give

18 Quo

19 Si t

20 Si v



ends in 18 Soon as I enter at my Country door,  
My Mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;  
rg'd ; Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I  
forgot,

are—Meet and rejoin me, in my penfive Grott.  
e you There all alone, and Compliments apart,  
I ask these sober questions of my Heart.

note, 19 If, when the more you drink, the more  
e Vote you crave,  
e must You tell the Doctor ; when the more you  
have,

n or la The more you want, why not with equal ease  
ow du Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ?

t scho The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
n'd, " Men only feel the smart, but not the Vice. " ]

ny Min 20 When golden Angels cease to cure the  
nds to Evil,

ne Soul You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :

18 So C When

18 Quocirca mecum loquor hæc. &c.

19 Si tibi nulla fitim, &c.

20 Si vulnus tibi, &c.

When servile Chaplains cry, that Birth all He-  
Place tow

Indue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Gra His Ven'

Look in that Breast, most dirty *D--* ! be fa He boug

Say, can you find out one such Lodger the You pur

Yet still, not heeding what your Heart Now, or

teach, fou

You go to Church to hear these Flatt' You pay

preach. 22 H-

Indeed, could Wealth bestow or Wit M

Merit, Lords o

A grain of Courage, or a spark of Spirit, Buy ev

The wisest Man might blush, I must agre he

If *D \* \* \** lov'd Sixpence, more than he. Buy ev

<sup>21</sup> If there be truth in Law, and *Use* c Yet the

give

A *Property*, that's yours on which you liv Half th

Delightful *Abs-court*, if its Fields afford The L

Their Fruits to you, confesses you its Lor Abhor

Birth all He—te's Hens, nay Partridge, sold to  
town,

nd Gra His Ven'fon too, a Guinea makes your own:

! be fa He bought at thousands, what with better wit

ger the You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;

Heart Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be  
found?

Flatt'r You pay a Penny, and he paid a Pound.

22 H—te himself, and such large-acred

r Wit Men,

Lords of fat *E'sham*, or of Lincoln Fen,

Spirit, Buy every stick of Wood that lends them  
heat,

ft agre Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.

an he. Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their  
*Use* own

you liv Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln  
fford Town.

ts Lor The Laws of God, as well as of the Land,

Abhor, a *Perpetuity* should stand:

Estates

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's  
pow'r

<sup>23</sup> Loofe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring  
Hour ;

Ready, by force, or of your own accord,  
By sale, at least by death, to change their Lord.

*Man* ? and *for ever* ? Wretch ! what wou'dst  
thou have ?

Heir urges Heir, like Wave impelling Wave :  
All vast Possessions ( just the same the case  
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace )  
Alas, my BATHURST ! what will they avail ?  
Join *Cotswold* Hills to *Saperton's* fair Dale,  
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,  
There mingled Farms and Pyramids appear,  
Link Towns to Towns with Avenues of Oak,  
Enclose whole Downs in Walls, 'tis all a joke.  
Inexorable Death shall level all,  
And Trees, and Stones, and Farms, and Far-  
mer fall.

<sup>24</sup> Gold

<sup>24</sup> Gold

Paint, M

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<sup>25</sup> Ta

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<sup>24</sup> Gem

<sup>25</sup> Cur



rtune: 24 Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high  
Paint, Marble, Gems, and Robes of *Persian*  
ay'ring Dye,

rd, There are who have not — and thank Hea-  
v'n there are

r Lord, Who, if they have not, think not worth  
their care.

wou'dst 25 Talk what you will of Taste, my Friend  
you'll find,

Wave: Two of a Face, as soon as of a Mind.

case Why, of two Brothers, rich and restless one  
Chace Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from Sun  
to Sun ;

y avail? The other flights, for Women, Sports and  
r Dale, Wines,

e, All *Townshend's* Turnips, and all *Grovenor's*  
appear, Mines :

of Oak, Why one like *Bu*-with Pay and Scorn content

a joke Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;

One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of Soul,

nd Far Shall fly, like *Ogletorp*, from Pole to Pole :

Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,

4 Gold Who forms the Genius in the natal Hour ;

That

24 *Gemmas, marmor, ebur, &c.*

25 *Cur alter fratrum cessare, &c.*

That God of Nature, who, within us still,  
 Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will;  
 Various of Temper, as of Face or Frame,  
 Each Individual : His great End the same.

<sup>26</sup>Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,  
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.  
 My Heir may sigh, and think it want of Grace  
 A man so poor wou'd live without a *Place* :  
 But sure no Statute in his favour says,  
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :  
 I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare,  
 Divided between Carelessness and Care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,  
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;  
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day  
 And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away.

<sup>27</sup>What is't to me (a Passenger God wot)  
 Whether my Vessel be first-Rate or not ?  
 The Ship it self may make a better figure,  
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.  
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,  
 Nor strive with all the Tempest in my teeth

<sup>26</sup> Utar, & ex modico, &c.

<sup>27</sup> — Ego utrum : Nave ferar magna an parva, & <sup>28</sup> Non  
 unus & idem.

still, In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd;  
 Will; Behind the foremost, and before the last.  
 me, 28 " But why all this of Av'rice? I have none"  
 same. I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;  
 heap, But does no other lord it at this hour,  
 As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?  
 of Grace Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?  
 Place: Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all,  
 With Terrors round can Reason hold her  
 days: throne,  
 spare, Despise the known, nor tremble at th' un-  
 e. known?  
 store, Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,  
 re; In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and  
 good day Fire?  
 way. Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind  
 d wot) And count each Birth-day with a grateful  
 not? mind?  
 figure, Has Life no sourness, drawn so near its end?  
 gger. Can'st thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?  
 eath, Has Age but melted the rough parts away,  
 y teet As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?  
 Or

Or will you think, my Friend, your business  
done,

When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one

<sup>29</sup>Learn to live well, or fairly make your

Will ;

You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank  
your fill :

Walk sober off ; before a sprightlier Age

Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the  
stage :

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,

Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies  
please.

---

*29 Vivere si rectè nescis, &c.*

---

**F I N I S.**

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Age

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